

# Beauty and the Beast

A Basic Pantomime

Trudy West



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# BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

A Basic Pantomime in Three Acts



SAMUEL



FRENCH

LONDON
NEW YORK TORONTO SYDNEY HOLLYWOOD

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## PREFACE

Of all our national forms of entertainment, the Pantomime is perhaps the most traditional and shows least signs of waning popularity. The average "run" of the professional pantomime is certainly as long as ever, and for many years it has been a source of considerable enjoyment and profit among amateur societies.

It is for this latter field of activity that this series of "BASIC PANTOMIME", has been specially designed, both as regards the "scripts", the settings, and the general production problems which face every company in work of

this type.

Apart from the time-honoured stories on which all our pantomimes are (rightly) based, much of their success depends on topical, local and current humour, and by no means least upon the songs and choruses of the time—even of the year.

With this in view, these "basic" pantomimes have been prepared, not as the final, unalterable show, but as bases upon which may be built the ultimate product according to the desires, and the resources, of the individual

company.

The scripts follow, in each case, the traditional stories very strictly. Any major departure would be resented by the youngest—and the oldest!—members of the audience. The dialogue is in modern prose, and prepared so that "cuts", additions, and the introduction of "local" or "topical" references may be effected with a minimum of difficulty.

Although simplicity has been the prior aim with regard to the settings, these can be still farther simplified where the exigencies of the theatre are exceptionally limited. Alternatively for those who are more fortunately placed

considerable elaboration is possible.

#### PREFACE

Equal consideration has been given to the matter of Musical Numbers, Dances, etc. Those indicated represent what may be regarded as a reasonable minimum; in fact, where resources are available, one or two extra numbers might be added with advantage. But the basic form which the pantomimes take render these additions quite easy to effect.

On the other hand, it will be found that, if desired, the pantomimes may be produced without alteration in any department despite the title of "BASIC", which has, for the foregoing reasons, been conferred upon them.

# CHARACTERS

Beauty
Benjamin Bountiful (her father)
Jemima
Joy (her sisters)
Batty (a butler)
Frou-Frou (a dancing mistress)
Marmaduke
Prince Ferdinand (the Beast)
Matthew (his valet)

(Chorus of Servants, Guests, Farmworkers and Fairies of the White Rose)

# SCENES

#### ACT I

Scene I A room in the house of Benjamin Bountifur

Scene 2 The same

Scene 3 In the grounds of the Beast's palace

#### ACT II

Scene I As in Act I, Scene 2

Scene 2 As in Act I. Scene 3

Scene 3 The same

#### ACT III

Scene I Outside Benjamin Bountiful's house

Scene 2 In the grounds of the Beast's palace

# MUSICAL NUMBERS

#### ACT I

#### SCENE I

Opening Number. Duet and Chorus

2 Quartette

3 Song and Dance 4 Song and Chorus

5 Duet

6 Chorus and Dance

BATTY, FROU-FROU and SERVANTS

BEAUTY, BEN, JEMINA and

FROU-FROU

Beauty and Guests
Beauty and Ben

The COMPANY

#### INTERLUDE

7 Comedy Number

JEMIMA and DANCING GIRLS

#### SCENE 2

8 Song 9 Song

10 Duet and Dance

Chorus of Farewell

BEAUTY

Јеміма

Marmaduke and Frou-

FROU
The COMPANY

INTERLUDE

# Scene 3

12 Ensemble 13 Ballet

14 Song 15 Song GARDENERS' CHORUS

FAIRIES BEN BEAST

#### ACT II

#### SCENE I

16 Song Jemima 17 Song Beauty 17a Reprise Refrain of 17 Beauty

18 Ensemble The Chorus

#### Scene 2

19 Ensemble, "Lady Beauty, Matthew and Servants
20 Duet Beauty and Ben
21 Song Beauty, with Ballet of

FAIRIES

Scene 3

22 Flower Song BEAUTY and MAIDENS
23 Duet BEAUTY and the BEAST

24 Duet, "The Hikers JEMIMA and BATTY of England"

24a Reprise of No. 23 BEAUTY and the BEAST The BEAST

### ACT III

#### Scene i

26 Opening Number Frou-Frou and Chorus
27 Duet Frou-Frou and Batty

28 Song BEAUTY and FULL
COMPANY

#### SCENE 2

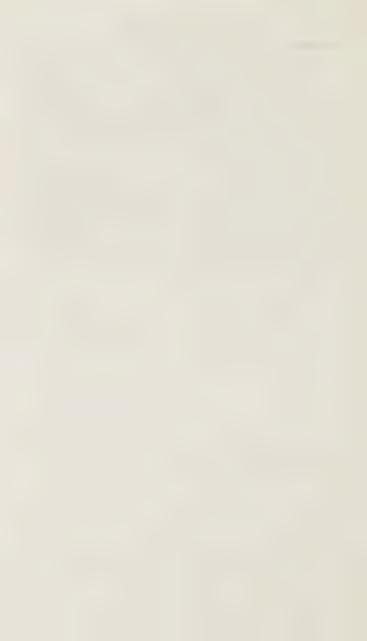
29 Duet BEAUTY and PRINCE Grand Finale Full Company

#### MUSICAL NUMBERS

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# BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

# ACT I

#### Scene 1

Scene—A room in the house of Benjamin Bountiful.

Up C is an arch with drapes each side of it. Arch wings set down R and down L. The furnishings are as lavish as possible. A table at RC, a handsome cubinet, a few chairs, tall vases of flowers, etc.

When the Curtain rises Batty, Frou-Frou and a number of Maids and Manservants are on stage setting out glasses, decanters, etc. on the table in preparation for a party. Batty is somewhat slow and doddering, an old and privileged retainer. Frou-Frou is small and pretty, very flirtatious and gay, and may, if desired, speak with a slight Continental accent.

No 1 Opening Number. Duet and Chorus (BATTY, FROU-FROU and SERVANTS)

This is followed by a lively dance, led by FROU-FROU, who whirls BATTY round against his will.

BATTY (panting) You leave me be, you hot-headed hussy! I ain't no flying saucer.

FROU-FROU (laughing mischievously) Oh, but I must

dance! I have tinglings in my toes!

BATTY. You can have whistlings in your windpipe for all I care—you're not a-going to lug me round like a performing poodle!

FROU-FROU. Oh, but it's a pa-a-arty!

(She tries to stroke Batty's hair, but he dodges, glaring morosely)

ALL. Yes, it's a party! A party for Beauty!

BATTY. Party it may be, but that ain't no call for such goings-on and gettings-off. I'm a respectable butler, I am.

FROU-FROU (pirouetting) I dance my way into your heart, yes, you miserable old man?

(She snatches a quick kiss and dances away, leaving BATTY

gasping furiously. There is general laughter.

JEMIMA enters up C. She is the typical pantomime DAME, with exaggerated clothes. She has a belt round her waist from which hangs a number of keys. She comes down C)

Jemima. Now, what's all this flap-fiddling about? Here am I, wearing myself to a shadow with work while the servants play around as if they were in a Government office. (Shooing them off) Get along with you, do! Go on—shoo-shoo, Frou-frou! And hands off Batty. I brought him up from the cellar and dusted him specially for this party.

FROU-FROU. Oh, but you forgot to take the cobwebs

off!

(She laughs and exits, still dancing. The Servants follow, all laughing. Batty glares at them as they exit)

BATTY (darkly) Frenchified bit of frippery! I'd like to have her to meself for five minutes!

JEMIMA (tartly) Well, you won't get the chance! She's Beauty's dancing mistress and don't you forget it!

BATTY. I ain't likely to. Prancin' all over the place like

a circus pony!

JEMIMA. Oh, stop blathering, can't you, and do something. I've got enough looking after a father and two sisters without nursing you as well.

BATTY. Got a lapful, haven't you? (Significantly) Some

lap!

JEMIMA. Don't be saucy! I'd sack you on the spot if I could find a suitable spot.

BATTY. Where's old Misery-face, Joy? Why can't she help?

JEMIMA. Well, call her-call her/

(BATTY goes L and calls)

BATTY. Miss Joy! Miss Joy! Your old skin and blister wants you!

JEMIMA. Don't be familiar!

(Joy enters L. She completely belies her name. She is tall, thin and elderly, with a permanent scowl on her face and a mouth that droops disagreeably at each corner. She never smiles or shows signs of pleasure. She is overdressed, with too many curls in her hair and too many jewels. She carries a copy of Debrett's "Peerage". She crosses to a

Joy. Must you shout in that common way, Batty? BATTY. I wasn't shouting—I was calling. You're

nothing to shout about!

Joy (putting up a pair of lorgnettes and looking at Batty) I am not accustomed to being addressed by menials in that way.

JEMIMA. Well, it's amazing what you can get used to when you try. (*To Batty*) You'd better go and give the gold plate a rub up with Brasso, and ask Beauty to come here, will you?

BATTY. O.K. The last I saw of her she was helping Cook. There she set—shaving the Stilton cheese for to-

night, and did it need it!

(BATTY exits R)

Joy (angrily) I wish you wouldn't allow Beauty to demean herself so. After all, father is very rich and we have servants to do all that.

JEMIMA. Oh, let the poor little kid enjoy herself if she wants to. I used to love shaving that same old Stilton when I was her age! Besides, father doesn't mind.

Joy. Oh, I know he thinks everything Beauty says and does is perfect. Just because she's the youngest he spoils her.

JEMIMA. Well, she's such a pretty kid.

Joy (jealously) Oh, you make me tired with all this Beauty worship! You've made a complete fool of her!

(BEAUTY enters C. She is young and very pretty, dressed simply and in good taste—a perfect foil to her elder sisters. She comes down to them slowly)

BEAUTY. Do you want me, Jemima?

JEMIMA (smiling tenderly) Only to remind you to get ready for your party, ducks. We want you to look your best for all the nice young men that are coming.

Joy. And for goodness sake don't even look at anyone who's not in Debrett. I can tell you all their pedigrees—I've got them here. (She puts her book down on the table)

JEMIMA. Hi-this isn't the Kennel Club! It's Beauty's

eighteenth birthday party.

Joy (snapping) All the more reason why she should

learn the dignity of her position.

BEAUTY (laughing) Oh, don't worry about me! I don't intend to marry anyone. I'm going to stay at home with father always.

JEMIMA (singing loudly) "Oh, if Mummy hadn't mar-

ried Daddy, Daddy might have married me!"

Joy. Weil, if both my sisters persist in lowering the prestige of the family, I intend to be the one to raise it. I shall marry no-one outside the peerage!

JEMIMA. Did you say Beerage?

Joy (furiously) I shall aim at a title ...

JEMIMA (derisively) And start with a double—double D—the Duke of Dillwater. In other words, our Marmaduke. (She gives a high-pitched artificial laugh)

Joy. I refuse to listen to your ill-bred insinuations.

BEAUTY. Oh, do be serious, Jemima. I really mean it when I say I want to stay with the best father a girl ever had.

(BEN enters C. He is a distinguished-looking man with greying hair, dressed quietly and in good taste. He hears Beauty's last words and comes down to her and puts an arm round her shoulders)

Ben. Ah, my dear child! What a comfort you are!
Joy. Anyone would think she was the only daughter
you nad! What about me? I uphold the family dignity,
don't I?

BEN. Indeed you do, Joy.

JEMIMA (with mock pathos) And I'm the "little mother", aren't I?

BEN. Of course you are, Jemima. I have a family to be proud of.

No 2 Quartette (BEAUTY, BEN, JEMIMA and JOY)

(After the Number, FROU-FROU enters L. She is in a party dress)

FROU-FROU. Come! Your guests are arriving and you're not dressed!

JEMIMA (startled) Eh? What?

FROU-FROU. I mean you haven't changed into your party clothes.

BEAUTY. Oh, we'd better hurry.

BEN. We shan't be long.

(BEN and BEAUTY exit C)

Joy. Haste is undignified, as the Duchess said when her bustle caught fire.

(Joy stalks off c slowly)

JIMMA. I suppose I'd better go and get me diamonds out of the 'fridge.

(JEMIMA exits C)

No 3 Song and Dance (FROU-FROU)

(MARMADUKE enters R. He is rather a vapid young man, with a permanently vacant expression. He is dressed very foppishly and effeminately. He watches FROU-FROU for a moment or two and she plays up to him)

MARMADUKE. Oh, I say, am I the first awwival? I mean—are you alone?

FROU-FROU (sidling up to him and ramping) Yes—all

alone, Marmaduke darling!

Marmaduke (retreating) I mean—er—where's Beauty? Frou-Frou (dashed) Oh. She's getting ready for the party. Won't I do?

MARMADUKE. Do? What for?

FROU-FROU (wailing) Oh, you are so stupid! I want to flirt with you ...

(She strokes him under the chin and he shivers violently)

What's the matter? Are you cold?

MARMADUKE. N-n-no! Just t-t-tepid!

FROU-FROU. Then warm up, my pet. This is a party, not an Arctic expedition.

(Music. The Guests begin to arrive. They enter in twos from  $\mathbf{R}$  and  $\mathbf{L}$ )

Ah, here come the guests! Now we must be gay!

(She whirls MARMADUKE around and leaves him gaping foolishly.

BEN enters C and comes down)

BEN. Welcome to my little girl's party!

(Jemima and Joy enter c, both bedecked with many jewels, artificial flowers, etc)

JEMIMA. Bung-ho, folks!

Joy (bowing stiffly to R and L) I bid you welcome to our ancestral hall.

FROU-FROU. And here is Beauty!

(BEAUTY enters C and comes down)

ALL (ad lib) Many happy returns, Beauty! Happy birthday! (Etc., etc)

BEAUTY. Thank you, everybody. I hope you all enjoy my party.

(The Company groups about her)

No 4 Song and Chorus (BEAUTY and GUESTS)

(After the Refrain they waltz and all the young men take it in turns to dance with Beauty. As each one claims her he cries, "Marry me, Beauty. Please marry me!" She laughingly whirls away from him into the arms of another.

Joy and Frou-Frou compete for the attentions of Marmaduke, who, in turn, tries to dance with Beauty. He is snatched away at each attempt by Joy or Frou-Frou.

BATTY enters and is waltzed round by JEMIMA. BEN

looks on from down R, smiling.

The couples gradually waltz off, leaving the Principals till last. Joy and Frou-Frou find themselves in each other's arms and waltz off furiously. MARMADUKE at last captures Beauty)

MARMADUKE (ecstatically) Oh, I say! How fwightfully, tewwibly jolly!

(He stumbles a few times in sheer embarrassment as BEAUTY smiles at him, and they waltz off c, leaving Ben alone.

BEN is about to follow when a SERVANT enters with a letter)

BEN. What is it?

Servant. Sir, this letter has just arrived by special messenger.

BEN (taking the letter) Very well.

(The Servant exits. Ben reads the letter, gasps, and sinks into the chair by the table and drops his head into his hands in an attitude of despair.

Beauty enters quietly c. She stands watching her father for a moment or two, then goes to him and puts an arm on his

shoulders gently)

BEAUTY (softly) Father dear, is there anything wrong?

(BEN looks up and smiles sadly)

BEN. Ah, Beauty child, you mustn't concern yourself with your old father's troubles: Go and enjoy yourself with your friends.

BEAUTY. How can I when I see you unhappy about

something? Won't you tell me what it is?

(BEN rises with a sigh)

BEN. I didn't want to tell you or your sisters till the party was over.

BEAUTY. I promise I won't tell the others, but please

tell me, so that I can help you.

BEN. I'm afraid even your loving heart couldn't find a way out of this, Beauty, my dear. You see, I've just had this letter telling me there's been a great disaster at sea, and all my ships laden with merchandise are sunk.

Beauty (after a pause) You mean, you've lost—your

money?

BEN. Most of it. My dear, I'm now a very poor man. BEAUTY (brightly) But that doesn't matter. We have each other's love, so we're really the richest people in the world!

BEN. My dear-you're right. But what will Joy and

Jemima say?

BEAUTY (slowly considering) I don't believe Jemima will mind, but Joy will hate it! She sets so much store by riches.

BEN. We shall have to sell nearly everything and per-

haps live in a small cottage.

Beauty. Don't worry, dearest. It will be rather fun! We shall learn to appreciate lots of things we've never noticed before. Perhaps even Joy will get used to it in time.

BEN (sighing) Perhaps. But I would like to see you girls marry well and have good husbands to look after

BEAUTY. I don't want to marry. I'm never going to leave you now.

# No 5 Duet (BEAUTY and BEN)

(BEN draws Beauty to him and kisses her. There is the sound of laughter off stage)

BEN. Here are the others coming back. We'll keep our secret till the party is over, eh, Beauty?

BEAUTY (softly) Yes—till the party is over. In the meantime, let's be gay and forget trouble!

(As the others surge on, calling for Beauty, she takes her father's hand and leads him into the midst of the crowd.

BATTY enters and begins to hand round wine with Jemima helping him)

ALL. Beauty! Beauty!

MARMADUKE. We want to toast Beauty.

Joy. No, it's time to toast me!

JEMIMA. Oh, you're done brown already! Come on, folks, muscle in!

BATTY. Take your choice—ginger pop or sherbet. You'll be able to say "happy returns" with either.

BEN (holding his glass aloft) To Beauty!

ALL (holding glasses up) Beauty! Many happy returns! (Ad lib)

BEAUTY. Thank you, everyone.

Ben. May you always be as lighthearted as you are

today, whatever happens.

BEAUTY (touching his glass with her own) Whatever happens . . . (They exchange a smile)

No 6 Chorus and Dance (The COMPANY)

The TABS close

#### INTERLUDE

No 7 Comedy Number (JEMIMA, with DANCING GIRLS)

#### Scene 2

Scene—The same.

The room has now an impoverished appearance. Some of the more ornamental furniture has gone and in place of the oak table stands a plain deal kitchen table on which are a pastry board, rolling pin and mixing bowl. There are one or two kitchen chairs and a broom standing against one entrance.

When the TABS open BEAUTY is on stage alone. She is sitting at L mending some clothes. She rises and comes C.

# No 8 Song (BEAUTY)

As the Number finishes BEN enters C.

BEN. Ah, Beauty, my dear, I'm glad you can still find it in your heart to sing after all our misfortunes.

BEAUTY. Of course! I'm perfectly happy so long as I'm

helping you.

BEN. That's my good girl.

BEAUTY. Besides, everyone has been so good to us. BEN. I know. Half the servants refuse to leave. They're taking jobs on the farm so that they can be near us.

BEAUTY. Isn't that splendid of them!

BEN. It is indeed. It hardly seems possible that it is but a week ago since our fortunes changed. What a lot has happened in so short a time!

(Joy enters c. She looks around discontentedly)

Joy. I wish you could find something to do to earn some *money*, Father, instead of gossiping to Beauty half the day.

BEN. My dear, I was about to tell you that I have just

taken a job on the farm.

Joy. I hope it's something genteel?

BEN. There are not many genteel jobs on a farm! No, Joy, I'm an ordinary drover.

Joy (angrily) Father! How could you? What will the

countess say?

BEAUTY. Does it matter? You were just telling father

to earn some money.

Joy. I meant some gentlemanly occupation—like educating backward earls . . .

(Jemima enters R in time to hear this. She has a string of sausages in one hand and a large lump of pastry in the other)

JEMIMA (as she bustles to the table) Or ministering to aristocratic hangovers! (She slaps the pastry and sausages down on the table)

Joy (furiously) Must you be so low, Jemima?

JEMIMA. Yes, I like it! What's the matter with you? Somebody hit you on the head with a copy of Debrett?

BEN. Joy's upset because I've taken a job as a drover. BEAUTY. I think it's a good job, don't you, Jemima? JEMIMA. As far as I'm concerned, ducky, it's the tops. I'm thinking of starting a Bagwash meself. (She begins to roll pastry)

Joy. You're disgusting! You forget the family tree! Jemima. No fear! I'm using it to hang the clothes line

on.

Joy. Well, I refuse to soil my hands by working. I shall marry into a titled family.

JEMIMA. We know! Marmaduke! Well, you'd better

ask Beauty to hand him over. She's got a surplus.

BEAUTY (hastily) Oh, you know I don't want to marry Marmaduke—or anyone else. I must do the dusting. (She starts to dust the furniture, etc)

Joy. I don't believe Marmaduke's ever asked you. The heir to a dukedom wants somebody more digni-

fied. (She draws herself up)

JEMIMA (using a sausage as a lorgnette) Have you met my sister, the Duchess of Dillwater? No? I congratulate you.

# (BEAUTY laughs)

BEN (pacifically) Now, now, girls, no hasty words, please. I want you to marry for love, not for money. (He takes up the broom and starts sweeping the floor)

JEMIMA (looking at Joy) The chance'd be a fine thing,

for love or money!

Joy. I couldn't lower myself to marry anyone less than a duke. (She sits L and does some embroidery, makes up

her face, etc)

JEMIMA (imitating her) Oh, deah, deah! Not just a teeny-weeny little baronet? (She holds up a sausage) About this size?

# No 9 Song (JEMIMA)

(For the Refrain, BEN and BEAUTY sing with JEMIMA. JOY mouths the words silently for a time, then joins in. Then realizing she has actually sung, stops, annoyed with herself. JEMIMA works as she sings. BATTY enters up C. He crosses to Jemima and looks at her)

BATTY. What d'you think you're doing? Making a sausage roll?

Jemma. No, I'm making a rissole wriggle!

BEN. Well, Batty, I'm sorry I can't keep you on as our butler

Joy. Oh, don't worry—he'll soon be engaged elsewhere. I heard the duchess say our butler had lovalty stamped on every feature.

JEMIMA George Court at Buth's time Oh, is that what

it is? I thought it was something queer!

BATTY. Well, I've got meself a job see? Got meself a job!

Joy (triumthanth) What did I say?

BEAUTY. What is it, Batty?
BATTY. Chief muck-spreader!
Joy (shricking) Muck-spreader?

BATTY, Yes MUCK-SPRIADER! Nowt wrong wi' that! It's muck-spreadin' season!

Joy. What will the duchess say!

BATTY. Duchess be . . .

Jemma (shapping a large read of passive tree Back's than A-a-a-ah!

BATTY yells for help and wrenches at the pastra-

(Grahling at the pastyr) Hil I want that! (She relinered some of it)

Byerry (with a good shell in the first and Navi How can I go muck-spreadin' like this?

(BATTY exits, wailing)

JEMIMA. Someone's going short of Yorkshire! S. works vigorously at the pastry, etc)

BEN, I think, Beauty, we had better go and feed the chickens.

BEAUTY, What fun!

(BEN and BEAUTY move up C)

Joy. How middle-class!

(MARMADUKE enters R)

BEAUTY. Good morning, Marmaduke! We're off to feed the chicks!

MARMADUKE. Oh, are you?

(BFN and BEAUTY exit. MARMADUKE starts to follow. Joy intercepts him)

JEMIMA 'displaying her work) How's that for a sausage toad? I declare this foundation stone well and truly laid! (She proceeds with her work)

Joy. Oh, Marmaduke! How too utterly deplorable

that you should find us in such sheer squalor!

JEMMA apping the dough and inserting sausages vigorously)
Grovel, grovel, squirm, squirm!

MARMADUKE. Oh, don't mind me—I'll go and help to

feed the fowls . .

Joy barring his way) I simply must apologize to the dear duchess. I really will leave cards this very afternoon...

JEMIMA (like a street-crier as she works) "Old rags, artificial teeth, sewing machines—bought at the door. Spot cash for worn-out coronets!" (To Joy) Hop it, young Joy! You haven't done the beds yet!

Joy. Really!

JEMIMA. Yes, really! Beds! And after that—the vegetables! To Marmaduke, We're having sausage toad, cabbage and mashed!

Toy (marching off R; furiously) Oh, how humiliating!

(Joy exits R)

JEMIMA (to Marmaduke) And you can help with the washing-up!

(FROU-FROU enters C)

On second thoughts, don't trouble! Hullo, Frou-Frou! No more dancing lessons—we're broke to the wide!

(JEMIMA exits R with pan and dish, singing a line or two of "Round the Corner")

FROU-FROU. Good morning, Marmaduke!

Marmaduke. Oh—good morning. I'm just off to feed the chicks...

FROU-FROU. That's the wrong way!

MARMADUKE. Eh?

Frou-Frou. I'm the first little chick you have to feed! I've lost a pupil—I want another—and I think you shall be that pupil, yes?

MARMADUKE. But I know how to dance!

FROU-FROU. With your feet, yes! But when you dance with your feet does your heart dance, too? No! That is the only way to dance—and I am the only one to teach you! (She takes his arm)

MARMADUKE. Well-er-if you say so!

FROU-FROU. I do say so!

No 10 Duet and Dance (MARMADUKE and FROU-FROU)

(She "teaches" him as they sing and dance. As the Number ends Jemima enters c waving a large letter)

JEMIMA. Look at this! Special delivery of pigeon post! FROU-FROU. Oh—a letter! Is it for you? A love letter, no—yes?

JEMIMA. A love letter, yes—no! MARMADUKE. Not for Beauty?

(Joy enters c trying to conceal her curiosity in a "well-bred" way)

Joy. Ah—a letter! It must be the one I'm expecting from the dear Countess Mudbath of Sloshing.

JEMIMA. Well, you can all guess again because it's for

father. Call him!

Joy. Let us hope . . . Jemima. Call him!

Joy. Really! (She goes to the door at c and calls in a high, very genteel voice, at the same time simpering at Marmaduke and trying to impress him) Father! Father, deah! Oh dear, my

voice is so tiny, I'm afraid it won't carry.

(JEMIMA bustles over and interrupts)

JEMIMA. Your voice isn't the only thing that's tiny.

Get out, pinhead! (She pushes Joy aside. Bellowing) PA! Where are you, me old pot and pan! A letter for yer!

Joy (to Marmaduke) Excuse my sister . . .

MARMADUKE. I've heard less noise at a Hunt Ball! FROU-FROU. Or a W.I. Whist Drive!

Ben and Beauty enter, followed by Batty and a number of Farmworkers)

BATTY. Where's the fire?

FROU-FROU. There's no fire, silly old man. It's a letter for Mr Benjamin Bountiful.

JI MIMA chanding Ben the letter) Here it is, Pa. Perhaps

you've won the Pools.

BEAUTY. Oh, I wonder where it's from?

BEN. We'll soon see, my dear.

(He slits the envelope and all crane forward expectantly as he draws out and unfolds a large sheet of paper)

(Reading, Well, well, this is good news, indeed.

BEAUTY. Oh, what is it, Father?

BEN. I am informed that not all my ships were sunk in the storm, after all. It seems that one has reached port with all its cargo intact.

JEMIMA. Cheers!

ALL. Hooray! Joy. Oh, that means we have some money after all.

BLN. Yes, but first I must go to the seaport and sell the goods.

Beauty. Oh, Father, I am so pleased!

B<sub>LN</sub> (viniling at her) We shall not be as rich as we were before, of course, but . . .

BATTY. Enough to muck along on, eh?

JEMIMA. Oh, you're muck minded! FROU-FROU. Now Beauty will dance again, yes? (She pirouettes lightheartedly)

MARMADUKE. Oh, I say, how thwilling!

Joy. I must have some new gowns and jewels. Perhaps we can buy a carriage and pair.

JEMIMA. Steady on!

BEN. Quite right -not quite so fast! We have only

recovered a little so far, but at least I shall bring each of my daughters back a gift. Now what shall they be?

JEMIMA. Well, I need a new kitchen sink, really, but as

you're being generous, make it a rope of pearls!

BATTY. Long enough to 'ang yerself! BEN. Pearls it shall be! And Joy?

Joy. Diamonds—and when I say diamonds I mean diamonds!

BATTY. Go on!

Ben. I'll do my best. And now—what about Beauty? (To Beauty) What shall I bring for you? Emeralds? Amethysts?

BEAUTY. No, Father, of course not! Just-a white

rose.

ALL (in astonishment) A white rose?

Joy. How ridiculous!

MARMADUKE. How womantic!

JEMIMA. How like Beauty!

BEN (rather pleased) You mean that, Beauty?

BEAUTY. Yes, it's the loveliest thing I can think of.

BEN. And certainly the easiest to get for you! Although—it must be perfect—and it shall be, if I have to search the whole countryside! And now I must be on my way. The sooner I go the sooner I'll be home again! (He kisses Beauty)

FARM HAND (shouting) Good luck and safe journey to

Master Bountiful!

(General cheers)

No II Chorus of Farewell (The COMPANY)

During the singing, Ben goes around, kissing Jemima and Joy, patting Frou-Frou on the cheek, and shaking hands with Marmaduke, Batty and the Farm Hands until, at the end of the Number—

the TABS close

INTERLUDE

If the Number chosen is suitable, this can be continued in front of the Tabs, full company, with business of seeing Ben off, etc. Alternatively, a Reprise of Dancing Lesson Duet for Frou-Frou and Marmaduke, with Dancing Girls.

# Scene 3

Scene—In the grounds of the Beast's palace.

Up C is a door leading into the palace. To R and L of this is a garden wall. RC and LC are trees and down R and L are garden foliage wings. A garden seat at RC. Down L is a white rose bush with some roses in bloom.

When the Tabs open there are some Gardeners at work, pruning and hoeing.

No 12 Ensemble (GARDENERS' CHORUS)

As this Number ends, MATTHEW enters from the door up C. He is an austere type of man, though kindly. He is dressed quietly and is always dignified.

MATTHEW. Come, come! It will soon be sunset. You're wasting your time in a frivolous way.

IST GARDENER. Surely it's not a waste of time to sing

in such a beautiful garden!

MATTHEW. Perhaps not, but you know the master is

not of such a carefree turn of mind.

2ND GARDENER. What's the matter with him? You'd think he'd be the happiest man in the world living in this lovely place.

MATTHEW. He's the most unfortunate man in the world!

He lives in a prison of his own choice.

GARDENERS (ad lib) Aye, he's a prisoner! More's the pity! We hardly know him! Caught sight of him once, poor gentleman!

IST GARDENER. He never lets himself be seen if he can

help it-only to a few.

MATTHEW. That's as he wishes. Now hurry and finish

your work while there's light. The master is very melancholy today and wishes to walk in the garden alone.

2ND GARDENER. Our work is finished here for today. Come, men, we'll go and leave the poor gentleman in

peace.

(The Gardeners exit R and L, singing the Refrain of No 12. Matthew watches them go, then exits up L. The light fades a little.

The FAIRIES of the WHITE ROSE enter down R and L)

# No 13 Ballet (FAIRIES)

(After the Ballet they dance off R and L.

A moment later BEN enters up R wearily. He crosses to the seat at RC and sinks down as if exhausted. The rose bush L is now in shadow)

BEN. A white rose! That's all Beauty asked for, yet it's as difficult to get as the moon. The pearls and diamonds were easy enough, though costly, I'll admit, but I've ridden many weary miles today and have not seen one white rose. Now I've lost my horse and like as not, the creature is on his way home without me. (He rises and stretches) Ah me, it seems I'm always in trouble. (He comes down c)

# No 14 Song (BEN)

(After the Number, he turns and sees the palace door)

I wonder what's behind that door? Is it some friendly house where I can beg shelter for the night? But first, I must find a white rose. I can't disappoint Beauty.

(While he is speaking the lights gradually dim a little more, but a spotlight falls on the white rose bush down L. Now BEN sees it, suddenly, and springs forward with a cry of pleasure)

Why, here it is! A white rose at last! Why did I not see it before? Now Beauty shall have her gift! (He picks a rose from the bush) Just one perfect bloom!

(He is gazing at the rose when there is a terrible roar as the doors of the Palace sly open and the BEAST appears. He is

richly dressed but his head is that of a beast. He also has animal panes, the effect of which may be produced by wearing fur gloves. BEN turns in terror)

BEAST (approaching Ben ferociously) Thief! How dare

you steal my roses!

BEN. I had no idea they were yours. I didn't think... BEAST 'furiously' Didn't think! Come—what excuse

have you to offer for pilfering these flowers?

BEN now recovered a little. I was about to say I didn't realize this was a private garden. I apologize most humbly.

BEAST. Your apologies will not save your life. Rogue

and thief—I shall kill you for this!

BEN | aghast) Kill me? Surely the plucking of one flower

doesn't deserve death?

BEAST. Anyone who trespasses in my garden must die! BEN. I beg you to spare my life—for Beauty's sake!

(The BEAST stares at him for a moment)

BEAST. Beauty? Who is this Beauty?

Ben. She is my youngest child—as lovely as a flower herself.

BEAST. Who are you?

BEN. My name is Benjamin Bountiful. I am a merchant. When I went away I asked my three daughters each to choose a gift from me. The elder ones chose pearls and diamonds, but Beauty chose a simple white rose.

BEAST. So? (Relenting) She is fond of flowers then?

BEN. She loves all beautiful things. She is as kind and gentle as she is pretty.

BEAST (gently) You have a great love for this beautiful

daughter of yours.

BEN (simply) We are all in all to each other. If you

kill me she will die of a broken heart.

BEAST. No—that must not happen. Such a lovely little lady must have her white rose. (He paces about in deep thought for a moment or two) Merchant, I will spare your life on one condition.

BEN. And that is . . . ?

Beast. That you return to me here within a month and bring with you the first creature who greets you when you reach your home.

BEN (laughing with relief) That will be the farmer's

dog! I accept your condition, sir!

BEAST. Good! Then take the rose to Beauty and don't forget your promise. (With emphasis) The first creature to greet you when you reach your home.

BEN. I shall not forget.

BEAST (kindly) You have come a long way. You look tired and ill.

BEN. Yes, I have ridden many miles today but I lost

my horse in the forest. Now I must go on foot.

BEAST. No, no, you must accept my hospitality for the night. Tomorrow I will lend you a fresh horse and my servants will see you on your way.

BEN. You are very kind, sir.

BEAST. Not at all. You are very welcome. My palace is just here. (Calling) Matthew!

(MATTHEW enters through the door up c)

MATTHEW. You called, sir?

BEAST. This gentleman is staying for the night. See that he has all he wants and give him a suite of the best rooms.

MATTHEW (astonished) The best rooms, sir? BEAST. The best rooms of all. Tell the servants.

(Matthew goes to the door and claps his hands. Three or four Servants enter. The Beast turns away from them and moves down LC)

MATTHEW (to the Servants) Prepare the best suite for this gentleman and see that he has all he needs. It is the master's wish.

A SERVANT. It shall be done. (To Ben) This way, sir.

(BEN turns to speak to the BEAST but sees that he stands with his back to them all, with bowed head.

BEN exits with the SERVANTS. MATTHEW goes to the Beast)

MATTHEW. Master, is anything the matter?

BEAST (agitatedly Everything's the matter! Matthew—I nearly killed that man!

MATTHEW. But you didn't, master, and I'm sure you

never would.

BEAST. Ah, you're a good and loyal friend, Matthew, but it's in moments like these that I'm afraid! Afraid of the day when the beast in me will conquer and I shall do someone mortal harm.

MATTHEW. No, no! You're too kind and gentle to hurt

anyone

BEAST. But you don't know what I am, Matthew! Sometimes the smallest things send me into a terrible rage, like that poor fellow picking a flower just now. It seems to swamp me—make me into a ravening beast! (He shudders)

MATTHEW. But the rage so soon passes that you have no time to hurt anyone. And then you're so sorry that you entertain them like a prince and shower gifts on them! (Gently mocking) Dear master, what kind of beast

are you?

BEAST. You're a good fellow, Matthew, and I hope you're right, but I want you always near me. Watch me and guard me and see that I do no harm.

MATTHEW. Master, I am your willing slave.

BEAST. No, not slave, but friend. A good friend is worth all the world. Go now, and see that the servants have done my bidding.

(MATTHEW exits through the door C)

No 15 Song (BEAST)

(The Refrain is sung by an offstage Chorus, while the Beast mores to the steps of the palace and sinks down as if asleep.

During the offstage Refrain the Rose Ballet enters

and dances in the moonlight)

As the Number ends-

the CURTAIN falls

# ACT II

#### Scene i

Scene—As Act I, Scene 2. Benjamin Bountiful's house.

When the Curtain rises Jemima is on stage alone. She is sweeping vigorously and humming loudly.

JEMIMA. Oh, 'ow I 'ate 'ousework! (Imitating Joy) It's so middle clauss! (She comes down C)

# No 16 Song (JEMIMA)

(At each Refrain the Chorus of Farmworkers and Servants enter R and L singing, and exit as the Refrain ends. At the final one they go into a burlesque with Jemma.

Joy enters c and watches them in horror as they end the

number)

Joy (furiously, to Jemima) Have you forgotten your ancient lineage?

JEMIMA (cheerfully) No, I left it on the clothes line. JOY. Oh, you're quite impossible! (To the Chorus) Get back to your duties, you!

(The CHORUS exit R and L singing the Refrain, in which JEMIMA joins. JOY watches, disgusted)

I say you're impossible!

JEMIMA. Easy on with the airs and graces. You're not the Duchess of Dillwater yet, you know.

Joy (drawing herself up) I am Joy Winsome Gay Bless-

ingham-Bountiful—a fact which I never forget!

JEMIMA. Neither do I, but not the way you think!

(Beauty enters c and comes down c. She has an armful of flowers)

BEAUTY. I'm getting worried about father. It seems so

long since he went away. (She fills the vases with flowers as the scene proceeds)

Jimima. Not so very, ducks. He had a lot to do, you

know.

Joy. I hope it means he's driving a hard bargain. I ought to have gone with him, but I couldn't bring myself to have anything to do with trade.

JEMIMA (to Jo) So I suppose you won't be able to bear to touch any of the money he makes from trade? Oh, no!

JOY. I shall take all I can get, from a strict sense of filial duty.

JEMIMA. Filial humbug!

BEAUTY intercening, Oh, please don't quarrel, girls. I shall be so thankful to see father home again, safe and sound, that I don't care if he comes back with nothing at all

Joy. If he does, I'll have something to say, I give you my word!

(Joy exits L, flouncing out)

JEMIMA (looking after her) Our little ray of sunshine! Mother's blessing and father's delight! Or do I mean blight?

(JEMIMA picks up the broom and exits R)

BEAUTY (vighing) I feel there's something wrong. Something warns me of trouble to come. Oh dear, why must we have tears as well as smiles?

# No 17 Song (BEAUTY)

(As the Number is ending MARMADUKE enters R and stands gazing rapturously at Beauty)

MARMADUKE (squeaking ecstatically) Beauty!

(BEAUTY turns and sees him)

Beauty. Why, Marmaduke, what's the matter? Are you ill?

MARMADUKE. I've got heart twouble! Vewy badly,

Beauty!

BLAUTY (concerned) Heart trouble? You must see a doctor!

MARMADUKE. No-no, I know the cure.

BEAUTY. What is it?

MARMADURE suddenly very bashful and fidzeting, You, Beauty! What I'm twying to tell you is, I love you! Will you mawwy me? Do say you will!

BEAUTY. Oh, poor Marmaduke!

Marmaduke. No, I'm not poor. I could give you everything you want, Beauty. Some day I'll be the Duke of Dillwater.

BEAUTY (smiling) Marmaduke, Duke of Dillwater! Oh, dear! (She starts to giggle and styles it as she sees MARMADUKE's reproachful look)

MARMADUKE. Now you're laughing at me!

Brauty (quickly) No, I'm not really, Marmaduke. I'm very impressed. I'm thinking how a coronet would suit you.

MARMADUKE. Then you will mawwy me?

BEAUTY (gently, after a short pause) I'm sorry, I can't, Marmaduke dear.

MARMADUKE (turning away in disappointment) Then you don't love me!

BEAUTY. I like you very much, but you see, I'm never going to marry anyone.

MARMADUKE. But a pwetty girl like you ought to have

dozens of husbands-I mean . . .

BEAUTY. I don't want even one! I want to stay with my father. He'd be so lonely without me.

MARMADUKE. Oh, lucky father! (Suddenly remembering)

Has he come back yet?

Beauty. No, I'm worried about him.

MARMADUKE. Oh, don't wowey! His horse has come home.

BEAUTY. Without him? Oh, Marmaduke! Why didn't you say so before? Father must have had an accident! Please go and look for him.

(She hustles MARMADUKE to R)

MARMADUKE. Oh! P'waps you're wight. I hadn't thought of that. I'll go and have a sniff wound.

MARMADUKE cails R)

BEAUTY. Oh, I wonder what's happened to father? His horse has never left him before.

No 17a Reprise Refrain of No 17 (Beauty)

A the North of the Bin erter in He holistics as be see Remark to the place and it is not a start to make force and it is a second of the real of the Point of the Control of the start of the same moment Beauty turns and sees him and runs to him joyfully)

BEAUTY. Father! Oh, Father dear!

(BEN stands with his back to her)

What is it? You're trembling!

(She turns him to her and kisses him)

BEN. Beauty, my child! Oh, Beauty!

BRAUTY. Is anything wrong.' Manmaduke said your horse came home without you and I was afraid you'd met with an accident.

BLN. No, not an accident, but a very strange adven-

ture.

BEAUTY Tooking closely at him, But you're sure you're

quite well?

Ban smiling Quite well, my dear, only a little troubled, perhaps, about a thoughtless promise I have given. But first, let me give you your rose.

(He takes a small has from his hospital, and his it to Beauty. She opens it and takes out the white rose which she holds up with a cry of delight)

Beauty. Oh, Father, it's beautiful! I've never cen such a perfect bloom before!

(JEMIMA and JOY enter C as BEAUTY is admiving her rose)

JEMIMA. Why, here's the old man back! Wotcher, Pop!

BEN. Ah, my dear girls, I hope all has been well during my absence?

Joy. Of course it has. I've seen to that. Have you

brought us back our presents?

BEAUTY. Oh, look, Joy! Look, Jemima! Isn't this a

lovely rose father has brought me?

Jemima. Almost as pretty as the girl who's holding it. Joy (sharply) What rubbish you talk, Jemima. Now, Father, my diamonds, please!

(BEN has brought out two more boxes and gives one to each of them)

Ben. I kept my promise. Pearls for Jemima and diamonds for Joy.

(JEMIMA and JOY each open their box)

JEMIMA. Coo! That'll make the duchess swallow her soup the wrong way! (She puts the pearls on and preens)
BEAUTY. Oh, they're lovely, Jemima.

(Joy has taken a diamond brooch out of her box and is examining it critically)

Joy. Are you sure they're real? I could have done with something a little bigger, more like the Countess of Crankshaft's.

BEN. They're quite genuine and the biggest I could

get, my dear.

BEAUTY. It's a beautiful brooch, Joy. I'm sure it will outshine everyone else's in the county.

(BATTY enters L. He stops as he sees Ben)

BATTY. Oh, you're back, are you? Gallivanting and cavorting all over the countryside at your age! Got any money?

BEN. Enough to buy us all a little comfort.

(JEMIMA struts in front of Batty and puts on an exaggerated aristocratic accent)

JEMIMA. Well, Battay, my man, what d'you think? (She pats the pearls)

BATTY staking a closer look, Yer neck's dirty. Try bathbrick.

Joy. Insolent fellow! He knows we always use pumice.

(FROU-FROU runs in gaily from L)

FROU-FROU 'squealing Oh, you dear, dear man! So your horse did not kill you and leave you in the forest to die?

BEN (smiling) By no means!

BEAUTY. Look at my present, Frou-Frou, my lovely white rose!

(FROU-FROU goes to her and admires the rose)

FROU-FROU. It's beautiful! You must wear it and keep it alive always.

(MARMADUKE enters R. He is limping)

BEN. Why, Marmaduke, what's the matter?

MARMADUKE. I twied to make your horse find you and it kicked me between the dining-woom and kitchen.

BEAUTY. Oh, Marmaduke, I'm so sorry. BATTY. Can't you even 'andle a norse?

(FARMWORKERS run on R and L)

All (ad lib) Welcome home, Mr Bountiful! We're glad you're back! How did you get on? (Etc)

BEN. Thank you, boys and cirls. It's wonderful to get such a welcome. I must tell you all my adventures.

JEMIMA (closing her eyes and with a gesture) Not before the children!

Joy. Jemima!

BEAUTY. Tell us what happened, Father.

ALL. Yes, tell us what happened.

(BEN moves a little away from them)

BEN (sadly) Well, I suppose you've all got to know, so I might as well tell it to you now. You see, I lost my way when I was looking for a white rose for Beauty.

BEAUTY. Oh, Father!

BEN. My horse took fright at the strange surroundings and bolted for home, and I found myself in a beautiful garden. Just at first I didn't realize it was a private garden. I was too tired. Then I saw a bush fall of white roses, and I was so delighted that I had found what I wanted at last. But when I picked one a terrible thing happened . . .

ALL (moving forward a little excitedly) Yes-yes? What

happened?

BEN. A dreadful looking Beast sprang out on me and threatened to kill me for stealing the rose,

BEAUTY. Oh, Father! Joy. All because of you!

Jemima. And how did you get away, may I ask?

BEN. Well, he wasn't a bad sort of Beast, really. He made me stay the night and lent me a horse. But then ... (He breaks off)

JEMIMA. Well?

Joy. Well?

BEAUTY. Yes, Father?

BEN. He only spared my life on one condition.

BATTY. I know them conditions!

BEAUTY. What was it?

BEN. He made me promise, if he let me go, that I would return to him bringing with me the first creature to greet me when I reached home.

(Beauty gives a little gasp)

MARMADUKE. Poor old Wover!

Ben. No, it wasn't Rover-I hoped it would be-that's why I promised. (His head droops)

JEMIMA (moving in a little; quietly, Now, what's this

—what's this?

(Beauty checks her with a little gesture, and turns to Ben, taking his hand)

Beauty. It was I, Father, wasn't it, who first greeted you?

(BEN raises his head slowly, looks at her and nods. There are gasps and murmurs among the CHORUS)

JEMIMA (in a low voice) Beauty!

Joy. Beauty? What's wrong with that? She can pack at once!

JEMIMA. Quiet, you!

MARMADUKE. I'll go and fight the cweature! FROU-FROU clinging to him, Marmaduke—no!

Joy. Beauty must go! JEMIMA. Beauty will not!

BEN. What can I say? What can I do?

(There is a sympathetic murmur among the CHORUS)

Braury. Only one thing. You must keep your word. I will go with you—at once.

JEMIMA. Oh, ducks, you can't.

BEAUTY. Perhaps he will let me go again, when he sees what we are to each other.

(She takes Ben's arm. As they more up stage, the Chorus parts into two groups, and begin to sing)

## No 18 Ensemble (The CHORUS)

JEMMA wipes her eyes with her apron—this business is quite "straight". BATTY sits glumly, down stage. Joy stands, motionless and triumphant. FROU-FROU clings to Marmaduke. BEAUTY and BEN stand up C in attitudes of farewell.

This is the picture as-

## the TABS close

As the Tabs close, the Chorus move down and form a group below them, and complete the Number.

If further time is required for scene change, another Duet may follow between Frou-Frou and Marmaduke.

## Scene 2

Scene—The palace gardens. (As in Act I, Scene 3) Evening.
The Tabs open to the music of the old Spanish song, "Juanita".

On the stage are MATTHEW, at C, and the SERVANTS grouped.

No 19 Ensemble "Lady Beauty" (BEAUTY, MATTHEW and SERVANTS)

The first part of the Number may be sung as a Solo for MATTHEW with Refrain for SERVANTS, or entirely as an Ensemble.

Sunset is falling
Moon is rising, mystic, pale.
As lover calling,
Sings the nightingale.
To our garden wending,
Leaving home and love behind,
With night descending
Comes a maiden kind.

Beauty! Lady Beauty! To our master love shall bind. Beauty! Lady Beauty! Here a welcome find.

(Beauty enters L, slowly, followed by Ben. They move to c)

BEAUTY. New life awaiting,
Trembling heart within my breast
Steps hesitating
Come at last to rest.
In your welcome finding
Comfort I did not foresee,
Now my promise binding
Brings no fear to me.

(She embraces Ben, turns, and curtsies to Matthew, who bows to her and then turns to the Servants)

Matthew. Bring refreshments for our master's guests without delay. (To Beauty and Ben) Pray be seated, sir, and my lady, too.

(The Servants exit R and L, singing the Refrain which dies away off stage)

BEN. This is my daughter. Her name is Beauty.

MATTHEW (boxing And if I may say so, a singularly fitting name. He hads a chair for Beauty to be seated)

BEAUTY. Oh, thank you.

(She sits and BEN takes the other chair)

BEN. This is very kind of you.

MATHEM. It is my master's command that you are made comfortable and have everything you wish, sir.

Servants enter R and L bearing fruit, wine, etc, which they place before Brauty and Ben on the table and then exit, at a sign from Matthew)

BEAUTY. Oh, this is kind of—of . . . (She hesitates)
MATTHEW. My master is a very kind and generous
man.

BLN. I'm sure he is, and I'd like to thank him.

MATTHEW. I will at once inform him of your arrival.

(MATTHEW exits C)

BEAUTY (to Ben) This is an extraordinary place, Father. 'She rises and wanders around curiously)

BLN (drily) My dear, it's owned by an extraordinary

creature.

BEAUTY (at LC) Yet he seems to be so kind and considerate. Those servants are devoted to him.

BEN. You must be prepared for . . . (He hesitates) His

appearance is a-little startling.

BEAUTY. Perhaps he's not as savage as he looks. I'm glad you kept your promise. We need not stay long. (She moves to look at the rose bush)

(BEN does not answer)

(Turning) I say we need not stay long.

BEN (not looking at her) No, dear. (He rises and joins her) Then we'll go home together and forget this foolish adventure, shall we?

# No 20 Duet (BEAUTY and BEN)

(This should be a "Home" number)

(As the Number is ending the lights dim and the door up C opens slowly. Ben is now at RC and BEAUTY LC. The music changes for the special music adopted for the entrances of the BEAST as he appears in the doorway of the palace. He pauses there for a moment. BEAUTY and BEN turn and see him. BEAUTY gives an involuntary gasp of terror and BEN makes a reassuring gesture. The BEAST comes down C slowly)

BEAST. Forgive me if I startled you. I was enjoying your singing. (To Ben) Is this the lovely daughter you told me about?

BEN. Yes, this is Beauty, my youngest.

(The BEAST bows to BEAUTY and she gives a little curtsy)

BEAST (to Ben) I am glad you kept your promise and brought her here within a month.

BEAUTY (proudly) My father always keeps his promises,

sir. If he gives his word, it is binding.

BEAST (gravely) An excellent tribute. (To Ben) I see you have a champion in your pretty daughter, Mr Bountiful.

BEN (smiling) I have indeed.

BEAST (sadly) It must be wonderful to be so loved.

BEAUTY. Oh, but if you love other people, it's bound to be returned.

BEAST. Not always. Few people trouble to look beneath the surface. They're afraid of me.

BEN. Beauty is not afraid, I'm sure.

BEAST (turning to her) There's nothing to fear. You will come to no harm here—I shall see to it.

BEAUTY (hastily) Oh, but father will be here, too, won't he?

BEAST (firmly) No, your father must leave.

BEN. We had thought—a short visit . . .

BEAST (interrupting) Your daughter stays—alone. The bargain was your life in return for whoever greeted you

first. Do not delude yourself, Mr Bountiful. Now, your daughter belongs to me.

BLAUTY conglete Oh, no-no! Kind beast, let me

go!

BLN [pleasing I had no idea it meant this! BLAST. Are you trying to go back on your word?]

(BEN sinks into a chair by the table)

Brauty 'going down in a deep curtyr) Oh, please let my

father stay with me! Still in her curtist, the weeks)

Bryst gnt's No, that cannot be, but there is no need to weep. You will have everything you want here. You will live in a palace and have all the finery a pretty girl has ever dreamed of. You'll never regret it, Beauty.

(BLAUTY rises from he) curty, and turns away to the rose bush)

BEAUTY. Oh, how can I help weeping? You're going to keep me a prisoner here—for one little white rose.

Brass. No, not a prisoner, sweet Beauty—an honoured guest. I won't trouble you with my presence if you find it too—repulsive.

BLAUTY tuners to him, Oh, no, no! I didn't mean to

hurt your feelings.

BLAST [tunning aside sadly] It's no matter. I'm just an ugly monster. I've grown used to being regarded with horror and fear. It's my fate. (He goes to the door up c and turns, Now I will leave you to say farewell to your father.

(The BEAST exits. BEAUTY runs to her father and they embrace)

BEAUTY. Oh, Father, Father!

BEN. My child, what have I done?

BEAUTY. You're not to blame yourself, Father. I

asked you for the white rose. You did not know.

BEN (shaking his head sadly) I was foolish. I should never have given such a promise. You must go home and leave me alone to face the Beast, Beauty.

BEAUTY. No, Father! You gave your word and I must

stay. Who knows—one day the Beast may relent, and I shall come home.

BEN. I'd rather die than you should be in danger.

Beauty. Somehow, I don't think I am, or ever shall be. Live for the day when we shall be once more together.

BEN. You are my dear, brave girl.

BEAUTY. Go now, Father. Let us say good-bye at once, lest we anger him.

BEN (embracing her) Good-bye, my dear.

BEAUTY. Good-bye.

(Ben crosses to the exit L. There he turns and they wave a farewell. Then Ben exits,

The lighting dims a little, except for a pool at c into

which BEAUTY moves)

## No 21 Song (BEAUTY, with Ballet)

As she sings the Refrain, the Rose Ballet enters and dances above her and to R and L. During this, a spot of light falls on the door up C which opens silently.

The BEAST stands in the portal, listening sadly, and

watching Beauty and the Dancers until-

## the TABS close

## Scene 3

Scene—The palace gardens (as Scene 2).

When the Tabs open Beauty is seen in the garden, gathering flowers. She has a basket of blooms on her arm. A number of Maidens are with her, also gathering flowers.

# No 22 Flower Song (BEAUTY and MAIDENS)

This is followed by a graceful dance. If desired, this may be a ballet, and the MAIDENS dressed to represent flowers.

MATTHEW enters from the door up C and the MAIDENS run off R and L.

MALLIN w. t Bessel. The same of presents his compliments, miss, and wants to know if he may speak with you.

BEAUTY (at LC) Why, of course, Matthew.

MATTHEW. Very well, miss.

He k.' is open the door up c and the Brast enters to his special research. MATTHEW exits and closes the door;

BEAST ming dan RC Ah. Beauty, it was good to hear you singing so happily just now. I must confess I eavesdropped.

BEAUTY. I sing because I am happy. You're so good

to me, and the time has passed so quickly.

BEAST. It has flown on gilded wings for me. You've given me the first real happiness I've known. He moves to the seat at RO, Come and sit here with me, Beauty.

(BEAUTY crosses and sits. The BEAST sits on her L)

I see you are no longer afraid of me. Once you used to draw back, frightened, when I asked you to walk or sit with me. Now 'rather bittorh', I might be almost human.

BEAUTY. Oh, don't talk like that, dear Beast! It's not

like you to be bitter.

BEAST. Becau e you have taught me not to be.

BEAUTY. I don't know what made you like -like this, but to me you're one of the kindest and most gentle persons I've ever met.

(The BEAST rises abruptly and walks a little way away from her)

BLAST (aside) I would give all my fortune to be a man at this moment!

BEAUTY. Do you know I look forward to seeing you every day like this! The first time you asked to walk in the garden with me, I must confess I was a little—afraid.

Beast (turning back to her) Yes, I could see you were.

But you conquered it. How?

BEAUTY. It was you who helped me with your courresy and understanding. BEAST (going back to the seat and siters. And then we began to talk and found we had many things in common. (He looks at her) Didn't we?

BEAUTY. Yes, we both love this beautiful garden, the trees and flowers, the music of the birds—the blessing of

the sun, the wind and the rain.

BEAST. Yes, and I more than you, the kind, gentle light of the stars and the moon to veil my hideous form. Had it not been for these things I should have gone mad long ago.

BEAUTY (softly) But I am now-your friend. Let me

help you to bear it.

BEAST (leaning forward eagerly) Do you really mean

that, Beauty?

BEAUTY. Yes, you know I would do anything to help you.

BEAST. Then, Beauty dear, will you marry me?

(Beauty draws back sharply, then tries to ceneral her feelings)

Beauty. Marry you? Oh—I didn't think you meant that.

BEAST (rising and moving to c' No-v.hy should you? I was too presumptuous. (He turns I didn't mean to upset you, Beauty.

BEAUTY (rising and moving to him' No, no! It's just that

I-I don't want to marry anybody.

Beast. I see.

BEAUTY. But I'll always stay with you.

## No 23 Duet (BEAUTY and the BEAST)

(They exit. Music. Suggested: "Teddy Bears' Picnic". Then Batty enters L followed by Jemma. They are heavily disguised as hikers, wearing shorts, loud-pattern shirts, large boots and woollen socks, dark glasses and eye-shades. Each has an outsize haversack and a heavy stick. They try to walk stealthily. Then Jemma trips and falls on top of Batty)

BATTY. Hi! Help! Fetch the ten-ton crane! I can't breathe! I say I can't breathe!

JEMIMA. Who wants you to breathe? (She manages to get up, All right-all right! Don't squeal so! (Peering about) I can't see a thing in this fog! (She pulls Batty up)

BATTY. You need vitamins! Eat more carrots and other

natural foods!

JEMIMA. Don't be personal!

BATTY. You women can never take an hint-I say you women can never . . .

JEMIMA. ALL RIGHT! (She takes off her dark glasses and looks around! That's better! I wonder if this is the place Beauty came to.' It looks like a posh garden, don't it?

BATTY. What did you expect? A Municipal Car Park? JEMIMA. Well, I thought it might be more like-(local gag Coo! There's a door! Shall we ring the bell and run away?

BATTY. Wait a minute-wait a minute. Let's get our

breff back.

JEMIMA. Our breff back? Whaffor?

BATTY. This is where we have to sing.

JEMIMA. WE have to? Why? BATTY. The producer said so.

JEMIMA. You're sure you aren't mistaken?

BATTY. I'm never mistaken—I say I'm never mis— JEMIMA. ALL RIGHT! (Waggling her stick) I'll have a word with that producer at the close of the performance. There'll be a BACK STAGE FRACAS! Sing indeed!

BATTY. Why not? (Pointing to the Audience) They've paid to suffer -let 'em suffer-I say, let 'em suffer . . .

JEMIMA. ALL RIGHT! In any Repeating Competition I'd back you against any bunch of radishes I ever met! (To the Orchestra) A few bars of prelude, pianoissimo, gradually working up to ... We start at letter "F", half way down page forty-nine. Thenkyew.

No 24 Duet "The Hikers of England" (JEMIMA and BATTY)

(Air: "Marching Through Georgia")

JEMIMA. Hoist the good old haversack And bung it full of lunch,

JEMIMA. Walking stick, and "polo neck"

All gathered in a bunch. BATTY.

Вотн. Yell a raucous anthem as our boots the meadows crunch—

WE ARE THE HIKERS OF ENGLAND!

## Refrain

We hike!—We hike! Вотн. We 'ike in every limb! We hike!---We hike! To keep our figures slim! Kid ourselves we're happy though we look a trifle grim! We are the Hikers of England!

BATTY. Don the skin-tight cotton shorts

JEMIMA. Well up above the knee! BATTY. Never mind the goose-flesh JEMIMA. There is no-one there to see!

Вотн. What did Mister Gladstone say in eighteeneighty-three?

WE ARE THE HIKERS OF ENGLAND!

## Refrain

Вотн. We hike!—We hike! This hiking is a hoax! We hike!—We hike! A pair of silly mokes!

BATTY. Why were we born imbeciles? JEMIMA. And not like other folks?

Вотн. WE ARE THE HIKERS OF ENGLAND!

JEMIMA. Climb the steepest hill you know

BATTY. And down the other side! Jemima. Over crags and into bogs BATTY. You slither and you slide!

BOTH. If we'd known what this was like we sooner would have died

THAN LIVE AS THE HIKERS OF ENGLAND!

Refrain (During this, they wilt, stagger, and sink to the ground)

Вотн. We hike!—We hike!

BATTY. Oh, heck, we'll hike no more!

Вотн. We'd like!—To hike!

JEMIMA. No further than the floor!

Even that reminds us that

BATTY. Our sit-upons are sore—

BOTH. THROUGH BEING THE HIKERS OF ENGLAND!

(They rise, with renewed vigour and sing fortissimo)

BOTH. We hike!—We hike!
We 'ike in every limb!
We hike!—We hike!

We hike!—We hike! It makes us tough and trim!

BATTY. What would England be without darn fools like her

JEMIMA. And 'im?

BOTH. HAIL TO THE HIKERS OF ENGLAND!

JEMIMA. Now let's ring the bell and NOT run away! When they come to the door, I'll be ever so perlite like Mum said I was to be, and ask if they'll buy a ticket for the Hikers' Coach Trip to Little Waddling!

BATTY. Oh, you wouldn't-would you?

JEMIMA. Ooooh, I would!

BATTY. Well, go on-I dare you!

Jemima (with bravado) All right, I never refuse a "dare"! (Bracing herself) Up, the Slug Watchers! Hurrah for St Marian's!

(She marches up to the door and knocks several times. There is a tremendous roar from within and she and BATTY scuttle for cover and hide one behind each tree at R and L)

BATTY (peering out) W-what d'you think that was?

JEMIMA. M-m-mice!

BATTY. Well, go and knock again. I'll wait here.

JEMIMA (schoolgirlishly) You go. It's your turn. Go on! (Chanting) Cowardy, cowardy, custard!

BATTY (coming out c) Ho, coward, am I? I'll soon show

you who's scared!

(He marches up to the door uncertainty, with his knees wobbling. He knocks once and jumps back. There is a howling of wind and a roll of thunder. BATTY ruskes to the tree at LC where JEMIMA is and they cling to each other)

JEMIMA (shivering) There's a d-d-deep d-d-depression approaching off Iceland! (To Batty) S-stop sh-shivering! Who's s-scared now, you big goof?

BATTY (indignantly) I'm n-n-not!

JEMIMA. You are!

BATTY. I'm n-n-not!

JEMIMA (shouting him down) You are—are—Are!

(While they are arguing the door opens and Beauty enters. She comes down to La and sees Jemima and Batty)

Beauty (surprised) Jemima! Batty! How did you get here?

Jemima. We hiked it—all the way on the back of a milk lorry.

(JEMIMA and BATTY emerge from behind the tree)

BATTY (to Beauty) So you're still sound in wind and limb? I say you're still . . .

JEMIMA. Stop it!

BEAUTY. Of course I am. I'm very well and happy. Jemima. That's good. That's what we wanted to know, really.

BEAUTY. Well, it's very sweet of you to come all this

way to see me. How are they all at home?

JEMIMA. Oh, the whole place is love-sick. Joy's hopping mad because Frou-Frou's sweet on Marmaduke, and Marmaduke, bless him, remains faithful to you. Won't look at another girl.

Batty. And we've finished muck-spreadin' and started compost cartin'. We've lifted the potatoes, put down the apples and put the celery to bed. I say we've

put the . . .

TEMIMA. She heard!

BEAUTY. But how is Father?

JEMIMA. He seems to be fretting somethink 'orrible

Thinks old King Kong's had you for dinner by this time.

Beauty (laughing) Oh, how absurd! Why, the Beast's the kindest, gentlest creature on earth and I know he'd never hurt me.

BATTY. I don't like his burglar alarms.

BEAUTY. Oh, I suppose you were a bit scared. He's rather sensitive about his appearance and likes to know when people call so that he can hide.

JEMIMA. I must have one of those handy when the man

calls for the rent.

BATTY to Beauty) H'rn-well, we thought it might be a good idea if you came home for a while.

JEMIMA (quickly) That's it—just to let father see you're

well. He's made himself ill with worrving.

BEAUTY. Oh, poor father! He mustn't be so anxious! I know! I'll ask the Beast if I may go home for a visit.

BATTY. That's right. Tell him you're wanted in the

cowshed.

JEMIMA. Get your bonnet on and come straight back with us.

BEAUTY. Oh, I can't do that. I must ask permission first. You go home and tell father I'm quite all right and I'll follow as soon as I can.

BATTY. All right—if that's the best we can do. We'd better 'op it. It doesn't look as if we're going to be asked

to tea. I say it doesn't look as if . . .

JEMIMA. Quiet! (Kissing Beauty) Well, take care of yourself, ducks, and don't do anything I wouldn't. Do bring us back a stick of rock!

BATTY. Goo'-bye. (He crosses L)

(JEMIMA and BATTY move to the exit L)

Beauty (waving) Good-bye! It's been lovely seeing you!

JEMIMA. Good-bye!

BATTY. I say . . . IEMIMA. Come on!

(JEMIMA drags BATTY off L. BEAUTY comes down C)

No 24a Reprise Refrain of Duet No 23 (BEAUTY and the BEAST)

(Towards the end of the Refrain the BEAST enters by the door c. He takes up the Refrain with BEAUTY as he joins her)

Beauty. I had a pleasant surprise just now. My sister called to see me.

BEAST. Your sister? Why did she come?

BEAUTY. She came to tell me that my father is ill and worried about me.

BEAST. He has no need to worry. You should tell her that.

BEAUTY. I did, but she said he longs to see me. Oh, dear friend, please let me go to him, just to reassure him and show him how well and happy I am!

BEAST. I feel I can refuse you nothing, Beauty, but this is a hard thing you ask of me, for a reason I dare not

tell you.

BEAUTY. Why not?

BEAST. Because, although I love you, you do not love me. (He moves away)

BEAUTY. But I will come back.

BEAST (turning) Tell me—will you promise to come back to me within a week?

BEAUTY. Oh, yes, of course I will!

BEAST (very sadly) If you do not, then I shall die,

Beauty.

BEAUTY (lightly) Oh, you mustn't die because of me! Anyway, I won't forget. I'll go and get ready now. (She turns to exit up c) Good-bye and thank you, dearest friend.

BEAST (softly) Good-bye, sweet Beauty.

(BEAUTY exits and closes the door. The BEAST stands motionless, looking after her)

Yes, I must die without your love, my dear one. You have captured the heart of this poor, ugly beast so that it cannot live without you. If I were as other men, handsome and gay, I could win your love for myself alone instead of

enduring your gentle pity for a creature so repulsive! (Turning and facing the Audience) Shall I ever know what it is to be loved?

# No 25 Song (BEAST)

After the Number, he turns and stands holding out his arms to the door through which Beauty has left him as-

the CURTAIN falls

## ACT III

### SCENE I

Scene—Outside Benjamin Bountiful's house. Afternoon.

When the Curtain rises, the Chorus of Farmworkers, etc, are on stage, with Frou-Frou, dressed as a kind of super-milkmaid, at c.

No 26 Opening Number (FROU-FROU and CHORUS)

At the end of the repeat Refrain, half the CHORUS exit R,

and the remainder, with FROU-FROU, exit L.

FROU-FROU re-enters immediately and crosses to C. meeting Marmaduke who enters R at the same time. Seeing her, Marmaduke staggers, and tries to dash off again R.

FROU-FROU (grabbing him) Marmaduke—come back! MARMADUKE. Wh-what d'you want with me? FROU-FROU. Can't you guess? It's springtime—tra-la-

la springtime!

MARMADUKE. But it's not time to spwing at me! FROU-FROU (drawing him to c) Oh, Marmaduke—don't you love me a teeny bit?

MARMADUKE. I can't say I do, weally.

FROU-FROU. Couldn't you learn to love me?

MARMADUKE. I've never been able to learn anything much! And I don't want to learn!

FROU-FROU (wailing) Oh, Marmy, what do you want?

MARMADUKE (exasperated) I want Beauty!

FROU-FROU (demurely) Well, no-one ever called me plain—yet. (She crosses below him and then turns to look at him coquettishly) Oh, Mar-mee! I can't help being in love . . .

MARMADUKE. Go away!

Frou-Frou. With you, Marmy—I'd go anywhere with you!

MARMADUKE. Oh, Mater! What is the secwet of my fatal fascination?

(JEMIMA appears up c)

Jemma. Bloggo! (Coming down) It removes all pimples, cures dandruff, imparts a youthful brilliance to the eye and vigour to the appetite. Advert. Good ar'ternoon.

(JEMIMA exits L)

FROU-FROU. Oh, Marmy-marry me, and I'll take Bloggo too!

(Joy appears up c)

Joy. Hold!

Frou-Frou. Poof!

MARMADUKE. A-a-a-h!

Joy. Girl! How dare you speak like that before the heir to the Dukedom of Dillwater?

FROU-FROU. I don't care if I'm before him or after him—I'll say what I like!

Joy. You will not!

FROU-FROU. Yes, I will!

Joy. You will not!

FROU-FROU. Yes, I will!

(This is repeated ad lib with business until they reach the hair-tearing stage. MARMADUKE dances about LC, trying to check them)

MARMADUKE (during the above) Oh, please, please, please, Please! Whoops! (He has hiccups)

(The GIRLS stop)

Joy (furiously; to Frou-Frou) Now you've given him hiccups! How inexpressibly common you are! What would the duchess say? What would she say?

(JEMIMA enters L)

JEMIMA. "Take Bloggo!" (Moving to c) One dose checks this distressing complaint and at the same time corrects any indiscretions of diet . . .

MARMADUKE. Whoops-hic!

Frou-Frou. Oh, poor Marmaduke! Ioy. Be quiet—and don't be vulgar!

Jemima. And you pipe down and stop flapping your aristocratic wings like a wheezy windmill! Remember your father's ill—he can't hear himself snore for all this racket out here.

Joy. Pooh!

(She and Frou-Frou tidy their hair, etc, as MARMADUKE speaks)

MARMADUKE. Oh, yes, isn't your father any better?

JEMIMA. No, he's worrying himself to death for fear
that Beast has killed Beauty. Something ought to be

Joy. Leave her where she is!

Frou-Frou. Someone ought to rescue her!

MARMADUKE. Someone shall! Hic! I will wescue her! Hic! I'll hunt for the Beast and wun him thwough with a wapier! Hic! What more can I do than that? (He dashes L)

JEMIMA. Take Bloggo!

(MARMADUKE exits with a flourish)

And wait . . . (She turns back to Joy and Frou-Frou) There! Now he doesn't know!

Joy (impatiently) Doesn't know what?

Frou-Frou. Oh, tell us!

(Jemima beckons them mysteriously. They approach her with anxiety)

Jemima (conspiratorially) The one-and-threepenny size holds four times as much as the seven-and-sixpenny size . . .

Joy (together; furiously, as they push Jemima FROU-FROU) aside) A-a-a-ah!

(They dash L and collide with BATTY who enters at that moment)

Out of our way! (They throw him aside)

(Joy and Frou-Frou dash off L)

BATTY (picking himself up and moving to Jemima) Hey!

What goes on?

JEMIMA (to the Audience) It is also obtainable in convenient tabloid form for teravelling . . . (She turns to Batty) Batty! A duet!

BATTY. Why?

JEMIMA. Ours not to reason why,

Ours but to do what it sy! Into the orchestra well, Rose the conductor!

(To the Conductor) What-cher, George! They've let you out again I see!

BATTY (to the Conductor) How do? What's it like at the

Scrubbs these days?

CONDUCTOR. That is quite sufficient.

No 27 Duet (JEMIMA and BATTY)

(JEMIMA and BATTY exit R.
JOY enters L followed by Frou-Frou)

Joy (moving to LC) Too late! Too late! I must follow him! There's no time to be lost!

FROU-FROU. I shall go too!

Joy. You will not!

FROU-FROU. Yes, I shall!

Joy. You will not!

FROU-FROU. Yes, I shall . . . Ah! What is that?

(Shouts of excitement, etc, heard off R. Jemima rushes in, followed by Batty)

JEMIMA. Hooray! Beauty's come back!

Joy. No!

BATTY. Yes, she have!

FROU-FROU. How lovely!

(BEN rushes in up C)

BEN. Jemima! Joy! Batty! Beauty—Beauty's come back! I saw it out of my window...

JEMIMA. O.K. Take it easy, Pop!

BATTY (dashing up to the exit c and looking off R) Here they are!

(He returns to RC as the CHORUS enters up C and at R, laughing and cheering. When half the CHORUS is on, BEAUTY enters and the rest follow. She moves down and BEN goes to her at C as the CHORUS forms a complete stage picture)

BEN. Beauty! Beauty, my child! I can hardly believe it is really you!

BEAUTY. Father, dear!

(They embrace. Jemma and Batty both sniff and sob, with handkerchiefs out. This is done to break the tension, not in ridicule)

Joy. What an ill-bred display of emotion! What would the...

JEMIMA. Shurrup, you!

BEAUTY. But, Father, you look quite ill! What have you been doing? Haven't they been looking after you?

JEMIMA. I beg yours? Not a month has gone by without him having an egg. Being on a farm, we get twelve per year, per pot per person!

BEAUTY. Oh, I know! But what have you been up to,

Father?

BEN. Why, wondering about my little girl, I suppose. And all the time I needn't have been anxious. You look wonderful, my dear.

BEAUTY. The Beast has been kindness itself, and they

all do everything they can to make me happy.

JOY. Personally, I'd rather live in the Zoo! JEMIMA. Personally, I think you ought to!

BEN. Well, well, I'm thankful to hear he has been good to you. I feel better already! And now we can settle down together once more and forget what we've been through.

(The CHORUS cheers)

FARMWORKER. That's roight! Settle down, loike—an' celebrate wi' a real 'Arvest 'Ome Supper!

(A slight pause, seeing BEAUTY is distressed)

BEAUTY. But you don't understand! I'm sorry, Father, but I promised the Beast I'd go back to him within a week. I came on that condition.

BEN. It's not fair! He can't keep my child from me

like this!

Joy. Why not? You promised him!

JEMIMA. It's not safe—she shan't go back!

BEAUTY. Oh, please! At least, I'll be with you here, and happy, for a week. The future may not be so bad as you suppose.

No 28 Song (BEAUTY and FULL COMPANY)

(After the Number, BEAUTY leads BEN off up C, and the CHORUS exits R and L)

BATTY. Now, look here, that's all very pretty, but I reckon we ought to have told her that Marmaduke was off hunting that there Beast.

FROU-FROU. We certainly should!

Joy. Why? If she knew, she'd be off again like a shot.

She ought to stay and look after father.

JEMIMA (to Joy) Now, what's in your mind, Soapy Sal? I think I have it! You want Beauty to overstay her leave, then go back and be knocked off by the Beast. Nothing doing! I say-let's all follow Marmaduke, capture the Beast, and make him let Beauty off for ever! Hunt the Beast!

FROU-FROU. Yes! Yes! That's right!

(CHORUS cheer. Ad lib: "The hunt! To the hunt!")

Joy. No!

FROU-FROU. YES! And when we bring Marmaduke back safe and sound, I marry him!

Joy. No, you won't! FROU-FROU. Yes, I will! Joy. No, you won't! FROU-FROU. Yes, I will!

(together) STOP IT!

(BEAUTY appears up C. The others do not see her)

CHORUS (singing)

A-hunting we will go! A-hunting we will go! Tantivvy, tantivvy, tantivvy, A-hunting we will go!

(The Chorus rushes off shouting, "Yoicks! Tally-ho!" etc. The others are about to follow when Beauty calls to them)

Beauty. Stop! Where are you going? Batty. S'cuse me—engagement!

(BATTY exits)

JEMIMA. Where are me 'ounds? Where are me 'orses?

(JEMIMA exits)

FROU-FROU. To the Hunt-and Marmaduke!

(FROU-FROU exits)

Beauty (coming down; to Joy) Marmaduke? Who—what is he hunting?

Joy. Never mind that. I want a talk with you.

BEAUTY. Oh—what about?

Joy. I think you ought to stay with father longer than a week.

BEAUTY. Do you? Why?

Joy. Because he's much worse than you suppose. If you were to go back too soon he'd probably die.

BEAUTY. Oh surely not!

Joy. It's your duty to stay with him as long as he wants you.

(Joy exits R)

Beauty (dubiously) Oh dear, I suppose the Beast will understand if I stay. I don't want to upset father.

(BEN enters up C)

BEN. All alone, Beauty, my dear?

BEAUTY. Yes, fuher. They've all gone off hunting—with Marmaduke, and they all seem to have gone mad!

BEN. Never mind, dear. Perhaps they're all excited over your return and want to celebrate. Perhaps they think that you and I would like to be alone.

BEAULY. Dear Father! You've always an excuse for everybody, haven't you? Well, we are alone now, and

we'll make the most of it.

BEN (sitting LC) Indeed, indeed we will!

BEAUTY begins to sing a Reprise of No 28, completing a Refrain as—

### the TABS close

Suggested Interlude between scene change, a "hunting" number by Marmaduke and Chorus of Farmworkers.

### Scene 2

Scene-The gardens of the Beast's palace. Evening.

When the Tabs open the stage is empty. Soft, distant music is heard, and the Rose Fairies enter from R and L and dance a short Ballet. Is the dancing reaches a close the Beast enters from the palace door up c, wearily, with dragging steps. The Fairies gradually cease dancing and pose around him, some kneeling, and all with arms outstretched in welcome.

BEAST. Ah, Fairies—Fairies of the Rose, can you bring my Beauty back to me? A week—two weeks—have fled, and there is nothing left for me now but to wither and to die.

(To very soft music, the Fairles dance about him, bringing him down L below the rose bush, where he reclines, drawing his cloak over him. The Fairles dance away up R, retreating, with gestures of farewell. Then they dance in a close circle, as if talking to each other, finally dancing off up L. Matthew

comes on from the palace door, looking about as if searching. At last he comes down 1.2 and sees the Beast)

MATTHEW. Alas, poor master! Shall I awaken him? No—it is best he should sleep, and in sleep forget his sorrow.

(A hunting horn is heard off R. MATTHEW trans and listens. Then MARMADUKE enters with a CHORUS of FARM-WORKERS armed with pitchforks, sticks, etc)

MARMADUKE (coming to C) Ah! This must be the place!

(Murmurs of "Aye, aye, this must be it! The Beast! The Beast! Where be 'un?" etc)

MATTHEW (down LC, hiding the Beast from their view) What would you, sir, and these unruly fellows?

MARMADUKE (seeing Matthew for the first time) Ah, tell

me, fellow, does a fewocious Beast live here?

MATTHEW. There is no ferocious beast here—no. And this is private property.

(Murmurs rise, and then FROU-FROU runs in, followed by Joy)

Joy. Your Grace! Your Grace!

FROU-FROU. Ah, darling Marmaduke! We have caught you up!

MARMADUKE. Good gwacious! This is tewwible! I

cannot have women on safawi!

Frou-Frou. Oh, yes, you can -you can have spag-

hetti on chips as well.

Joy. Don't be common! (To Marmaduke) I must apologize for my attire—I know one should always dress for dinner in the jungle.

MARMADUKE. There is no place for women!

Frou-Frou. That dear little tent will suit me nicely—

how sweet of you, Marmy!

Joy. How dare you! (To Marmaduke) I know all about huntin'! Baron Bluebottle told me I should be a dead shot.

FROU-FROU. You mean he said you should be shot dead! Joy. You piffling little prancer!

FROU-FROU. You moth-eaten old snob! MARMADUKE. Weally, ladies—ladies! Joy. There is only one lady here!

FROU-FROU. That's me!

MARMADUKE. Be quiet! I'm just asking this man here the whereabouts of the Beast.

Matthew. There's no Beast here. You want the Dragon of Doomful Downs!

MARMADUKE. Oh, do I?

MATTHEW. Go back the way you came, turn right at the *Skeleton Arms*, walk down Creaking Gallows Lane, over the Haunted Bog, and you'll find him in Gurgling Gulch.

MARMADUKE. Wonderful-eh?

FARMWORKERS (generally, ad lib) Come on, master! We'll be with ye! Bain't afraid o' he! (Etc)

FROU-FROU. And I'll come, too.

Joy. You will not!

Frou-Frou. Yes, I shall!

MARMADUKE. On! On!

(Marmaduke and the Farmworkers rush off R, taking Frou-Frou and Joy with them, still quarrelling and shout ing at each other. Matthew moves up, watching them off.

JEMIMA and BATTY enter up L. MATTHEW turns)

JEMIMA. S'cuse me, has the Hunt passed this way? MATTHEW. They have. I've sent them to Gurgling Gulch to find the Beast.

JEMIMA. Oh, you naughty boy! It's all right—I know! We'll go and keep them off the scent, and then come back for a cosy chat! Come on, Batty!

(She drags BATTY R)

BATTY. That's the wrong way!

JEMMA. You're batty, Batty! Come along o' me! (Dragging him off) Tally-ho! Tally-ho!

(JEMIMA and BATTY exit)

Matthew (moving down; to the Beast) Master! Master! You must awake, and hide!

(BEAUTY enters up L and comes C quickly)

BEAUTY. Matthew! Oh, Matthew! MATTHEW. Lady Beauty! At last!

BEAUTY. Is he well, Matthew? Is he here?

MATTHEW (pointing to the Beast) There, lady, but so ill! So ill!

BEAUTY. O-oh!

MATTHEW. I cannot waken him! And the Hunt is after him!

BEAUTY. The Hunt?

MATTHEW. I have sent them astray, but they will return, I fear.

BEAUTY. Keep them away, Matthew, and leave your master now to me.

MATTHEW. I will, dear lady. I will do my best.

(MATTHEW exits R)

BEAUTY (kneeling by the Beast) Oh, dear, dear Beast. Waken, and speak to me! It is your Beauty, who has come back to you!

(The Beast rouses, lifts his head, gazes at her wearily, and then sinks down again)

(Agitatedly) Oh, why did I let Joy persuade me to stay on? It was a cruel trick—I see that now! (To the Beast) Oh, speak to me, dear Beastie! Last night I dreamed you wanted me, and then I knew how much I wanted you. I've missed you so, say you've missed me, too! I'll never, never leave you so long again!

BEAST (slowly and sadly) It's too late, Beauty. You left me and you did not come back at the appointed time.

Now I must die.

BEAUTY (very upset) Oh, no, no! Don't say that!

BEAST. It's true. I warned you.

Beauty (weeping) I didn't think you meant it! Oh, I've been so wicked! Don't die, darling Beastie! You mustn't!

Beast (gasping) I cannot help it. There's only one

thing left to save me.

BEAUTY. Oh, what is it? I'll do anything to save you—

anything! I love you, my darling Beast—do you hear that? I love you and I want you to marry me, so please don't die!

Dramatic music and BLACK-OUT. Then the LIGHTS go up again and a handsome young PRINCE is standing at LC with BEAUTY at C, gazing at him in wonder)

Oh, who are you?

PRINCE. I am the Beast, whose life you just saved. (He

moves to her and takes her hands)

BEAUTY. You are my dear Beast? I don't understand. PRINCE. Many years ago a wicked fairy cast an evil spell upon me, and I was doomed to remain a beast until a beautiful girl fell in love with me and promised to marry me.

BEAUTY (smiling shyly) Oh, I see!

PRINCE. The Rose Fairy gave me that white rose bush to help me break the spell . . .

BEAUTY. And it did! Perhaps the Fairy also prompted

me to ask my father for a white rose on that day!

PRINCE (softly) Are you glad, Beauty?

BEAUTY (turning to him) So glad that I can hardly believe it. Glad that I came back in time to save you, dear—dear... (She hesitates)

PRINCE (smiling) My name is Prince Ferdinand.

BEAUTY. Prince Ferdinand of Meltonia? Why, then you're—you're very rich!

PRINCE. I'm afraid so! Does it matter?

BEAUTY. No, except that I'm very glad I told you I loved you before I knew. You see, I love you for what you are, and I would still go on loving you if you turned back into a beast again.

PRINCE (embracing her) Dear Beauty! That's the kind of love that's life itself! I loved you from the very first

moment I saw you, but I daren't tell you so!

BEAUTY. And now we're free to love each other for ever!

No 29 Duet (BEAUTY and PRINCE)

(When the Number finishes, they embrace. MARMADUKE

enters R and sees them in each other's arms. He stands very still and looks downcast. They turn and see him,

BEAUTY. Marmaduke!

MARMADUKE. Er-excuse me-I'm sowwy to intwwupt, but someone sent me the wrong way. Have you seen a sort of beast awound here?

PRINCE. Yes, what do you want with him?

MARMADUKE (politely) Well, I thought of killing him. BEAUTY. You mustn't do that, Marmaduke. I want him

MARMADUKE. But I'm going to save you fwom his clutches! (To the Prince, That is, if you haven't alweady done it, sir.

PRINCE. I have, in a way. You see, I was the Beast.

MARMADUKE (sadly) I wonder why nobody ever takes me sewiously.

BEAUTY (gently) It's true, Marmaduke. This is Prince Ferdinand, and he was bewitched until I released him.

MARMADUKE. You weleased him? How?

BEAUTY. I fell in love with him and promised to

marry him.

MARMADUKE (blankly) Oh. (Pulling himself together) Then it's a love match for the Iwince. Well holding out his hand to the Prince) allow me to congwatulate you, your Highness. You've won the pwize, but a Dillwater knows how to get his second wind!

PRINCE (gravely, shaking hands) Thanks, Dillwater.

BEAUTY. Thank you, Marmaduke. I hope you'll be as happy as we are one day.

MARMADUKE. Oh, no! I shall always be misewable

when I think of you.

(FROU-FROU enters R running. She stops short when she sees the others)

FROU-FROU. Oh, Marmaduke! I thought I'd lost you! MARMADUKE. I wather hoped you had.

PRINCE. Why, who is this pretty little girl? I must introduce her to my Court.

BEAUTY. This is Frou-Frou. She used to teach me

dancing. (To Frou-Frou) This is Prince Ferdinand whom I'm going to marry.

(FROU-FROU curtsies)

FROU-FROU. Oh, how romantic! O-oh, I should love to come to your Court, your Highness.

MARMADUKE (hastily) No, you can't do that.

FROU-FROU. Why not? It'll be full of the most gorgeous men!

MARMADUKE. I know. That's what I'm afwaid of.

BEAUTY. Marmaduke, I believe you're jealous.

FROU-FROU. Oh, Marmaduke! (She flings herself into his arms)

MARMADUKE (kissing Frou-Frou) Oh, we are being middle-class, aren't we? I wish the mater could see!

(JEMIMA and BATTY enter R talking)

JEMIMA. We've lost track of everybody now. I told you it was no use baying like a hound. It puts 'em off.

BATTY. What's all this 'ere?

JEMMA 'pointing to the group at c) That there? Well, I'll be sozzled!

BEAUTY. Allow me to introduce His Royal Highness, Prince Ferdinand of Meltonia.

JEMIMA. A Prince! Well, slosh me with a sceptre!

BATTY. How do, your Royal Highness. If you ever want any muck-spreadin' doin' . . .

MARMADUKE. Don't let the side down, Batty, old boy.

(The Prince comes forward and shakes hands with Jemima and Batty)

BEAUTY. This is my sister . . .

(MATTHEW comes running on R chased by JOY)

Joy (shrieking delightedly) I've found one! I've found a man!

(She catches Matthew and holds him firmly)

PRINCE. It's Matthew, poor fellow!

(BEN enters R)

BEN. Beauty! At last!

(They embrace.

The CHORUS enters shouting)

ALL. The Beast! The Beast! We want the Beast!

BEAUTY. Oh, quiet-please!

BEN (to Beauty) Who is this strange young man?

PRINCE (holding up his hand) Stop! I will explain to you all.

(There is silence as all draw near to listen)

I am the Beast!

(The CHORUS reacts)

MATTHEW, Master! You!

PRINCE (smiling) Yes, Matthew, I have come into my own at last. I was released from that evil spell by the love of a beautiful girl. (He turns to BEAUTY and draws her forward) Beauty loved me in spite of my ugliness and promised to marry me. It is the old story of goodness and love triumphing over evil once again.

BEAUTY. Allow me to introduce His Royal Highness

Prince Ferdinand of Meltonia.

ALL. Hurrah! Hurrah for the Prince!

Joy. A Prince? What would the duchess say?

(She collapses into the arms of Matthew)

PRINCE (to the Crowd) Thank you. And now, there is one thing more I must do. (He turns to Ben) I would ask for the hand of your daughter in marriage, sir.

BEN. Nothing would give me greater pleasure, your

Highness. I see you love each other.

FROU-FROU. Oh, Marmaduke! How romantic! (She hugs him)

MARMADUKE. Oh, wather! I mean—what?

Jemima (to Batty) Oh, I feel so excited! Kiss me, you old curmudgeon!

BATTY. Well, I might as well be poisoned as shot! (He

grabs her and gives her a "caveman" kiss)

Prince. I proclaim a general holiday throughout the

kingdom! Let the joy bells ring and everyone make merry!

ALL (cheering) Hooray! Long live Prince Ferdinand and Beauty!

(The FAIRIES enter)

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CURTAIN

# FURNITURE AND PROPERTY PLOT

## ACT I

### Scene 1

On stage: Table. On it: glasses, decanters, etc

Cabinet Chairs

Vases of flowers

Off stage: Debrett's Peerage (Joy)

Letter (Servant)

Personal: Keys (Jemima)
Lorgnettes (Joy)

### Scene 2

On stage: Strike: Some furniture

Set: kitchen table. On it: pastry board, rolling pin, mixing bowl, pans, etc

Chairs

Broom
Clothes, mending material, duster, embroidery
on chairs I.

Off stage: Sausages, pastry (Jemima)
Letter (Jemima)

Scene 3

On stage: Seat

Rose tree

Off stage: Hoes, etc (GARDENERS)

### ACT II

SCENE I

Off stage: Broom (JEMIMA)

Flowers (BEAUTY )

3 boxes, with rose, pearls and diamond brooch (BEN)

SCENE 2

On stage: Chairs

Table

Off stage: Fruit, wine, etc (SERVANTS)

Scene 3

Off stage: Basket of blooms (BEAUTY)

Haversacks, sticks (BATTY and JEMIMA)

Personal: Dark glasses, eyeshades (BATTY and JEMIMA)

ACT III

Scene 1

Personal: Handkerchiefs (JEMIMA and BATTY)

SCENE 2

Off stage: Pitchforks, sticks, etc (FARMWORKERS)

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